"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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THE LAST WORDS OF EMINENT UNITARIANS.

"They say, men dying remember, with sharp joy,
Some good thing, some soft word, some tear or laugh;
And die with heart and face shut fast on it,
And know not why, and weep not."

THEODORE PARKER.—"Some men call it conscience but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey it then it will speak clearer and clearer and always guide you right; but if you turn a deaf ear or disobey then it will fade out little by little and leave you all in the dark without a guide. Your life depends on heeding this little voice." So said this great man's mother to him when a boy, and the voice of conscience he made his guide and lived a great and noble life. His influence against the tyranny of slavery was felt all through his country. He was incessant in his toil to do good and left a name for moral bravery that will strengthen many in the cause of the right and true. He was carried down to the grave in the prime of manhood and in the midst of all his labours. When he was dying in Florence he said to Miss Cobbe, "I have something to tell you. There are two Theodore Parkers now, one is dying here in Italy, the other I have planted in America; he will live there and finish my work."

BLANCO WHITE.—During his illness several of his friends gathered round his bed and he spoke to them of his state of mind and his knowledge that he was in the presence of death. He felt that the power of utterance was failing him and he added, "When the hour shall come, let it be said once for all, my soul shall be concentrated in the feeling—"My God into thy hands I commend my spirit." God to me is Jesus, and Jesus is God—*of course not in the sense of divines.*" A few hours before he died he awoke out of a sound sleep, and with a firm voice and great solemnity of manner spoke only these words: "NOW I DIE." He sat as one in the attitude of expectation; about two hours afterwards it was as he had said, the closing scene. He was gone.

LORD FALELAND.—Clarendon says of him: "He was a man of prodigious learning and knowledge, inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation; a man of humanity and goodness, of simplicity and integrity." He was Secretary of State for Charles the First, and was killed at the battle of Newbury. With a sad accent he would often reiterate the word, "*Peace.*" His last words on the morning of this battle were "I am weary of the times and foresee much misery to my country, but believe that I shall be out of it ere night." This learned, just, and noble man was thirty-four years old when he was slain.

STARR KING.—He was stricken with death in the midst of youth and eminent success. Mr. King said, "Doctor, can I survive?" "Not a half hour," was the reply. Friend after friend came to the bedside and he greeted them with a cheerful smile and grasped their hands and said "Good-bye." Some one asked him how he felt, he said "Happy, resigned, trustful." Then repeating the 23rd Psalm in a clear and well modulated voice, at this verse he was unusually firm and clear: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." He then fell back on his bed and said—"It is all right for me, but she will feel it,"—pointing to his wife. His little son was brought in; he said: "Dear little fellow, he is a beautiful boy." Kissing his hand to the child as the nurse carried it away in her arms, he closed his eyes in death.

THORWALSDEN'S FIRST LOVE.

Some fifty years ago a woman of prepossessing appearance was seated in a small back room of a house in Copenhagen weeping bitterly. In her lap lay a few trinkets and other small articles, evidently keepsakes, which she had received from time to time. She took up one after the other and turned them over, but she could scarcely distinguish them through her blinding tears. Then she buried her face in her hands and rocked to and fro in agony.

"Oh," moaned she, "and is it come to this? All my dreams of happiness are vanished—all my hopes are dead! He will even go without bidding me farewell. Ah, Himlen! that I have lived to see this bitter day. Love vare Gud!"

At this moment a hasty tap at the door was followed by the entrance of the object of her grief. He was a young man, about twenty-five years of age, his person middled-sized and strongly built, his features massive, regular, and attractive, his long hair flaxen, his eyes blue. This was Bertel Thorwaldsen—a name which has since sounded throughout the world as that of the most illustrious sculptor of modern times. His step was firm and quick, his eye bright, and his features glowing as he entered the room; but when he beheld the attitude of the weeping female, a shade passed over his countenance as he gently walked up to her, and laying his hand on her shoulder, murmured, "Amalie!"

"Bertel!" answered a smothered voice.

The young Dane drew a chair to her side and silently took her tear-bedewed hands. "Amalie," said he, after a pause, broken only by her quivering sobs, "I am come to bid thee farewell. I go in the morning."

She ceased weeping, raised her face, and releasing her hands, pushed back her dishevelled hair. Then she wiped her eyes, and gazed at him in a way that made his own droop. "Bertel," said she, in a solemn tone, but void of all reproach, "Bertel, why did you win my young heart—why did you lead me to hope that I should become the wife of your bosom?"

"I—I always meant it; I mean it now."

She shook her head mournfully, and taking up the trinkets, continued, "Do you remember what you said when you gave me this—and this—and this?"

"What would your have, Amalie? I said I loved you; I love you still—but—"

"But you love ambition, fame, the praise of men far better!" added she, bitterly.

Thorwaldsen started, and his features flushed, for he felt actually the truth of her words.

"Yes, you will leave gamle Denmark—you will leave your poor, fond old father and mother, whose only hope and only earthly joy is in you—you will leave me, and all that love the sound of your footstep, and go to the distant land, and forget us all!"

"Mine Pige, you are cruel and unjust. I shall come back to my old father and mother—come back to thee, and we shall all be happy again,"

"Never, Bertel—never! When once you have gone there is no more happiness for us. In heaven we may all meet again, on earth never! O, no, never more will you see in this life either your parents or your poor broken-hearted Amalie," and again her sobs burst forth.

Thorwaldsen abruptly rose from his chair, and paced the room in agitation. He was much distressed, and once or twice he glanced at Amalie with evident hesitation. His past life, the pleasures of his youth, the endeared friends and scenes of his childhood, the affection of Amalie, the anguish of his parents at the approaching separation, all vividly passed in review, and whispered him to stay and be happy in the city of his birth. But a vision of Rome arose also and beckoned him thither to earn renown, wealth, and immortality. The pride of conscious genius swelled his soul, and he felt that the die was cast forever.

He reseated himself by the side of Amalie, and once more took her hand. She looked up and at one glance read his inmost thoughts. "Go," said she, "go and fulfil your destiny. God's will be done! You will become a great man—you will become the companion of princes and kings, and your name will extend the fame of your country to the uttermost

parts of the earth. I see it all; and let my selfish love perish! Only promise this—when you are hereafter in the full blaze of your triumph, sometimes turn aside from the high-born dames who are thronging around, and drop one tear to the memory of the lowly Danish girl who loved you better than herself. Bertel, farewell!"

The next day Thorwaldsen quitted Copenhagen for Rome, where he resided nearly the whole remainder of his long life, and more than realised his own wild aspirations for fame. But the prophesy of poor Amalie was literally fulfilled—he never more beheld his parents, nor her—his first true love!

Nearly half a century had elapsed, and again the scene was Copenhagen. The streets were densely crowded with eager, sorrowing spectators, and every window of every house was filled with sadly-expectant faces. At length a cry, "They come!" was echoed from group to group, and the crowds swayed to and fro under the sympathetic swell of common emotion.

A withered old woman was seated at the upper window of a house, and when the cry was taken up she raised her wrinkled countenance, and passed her hands over her eyes, as if to clear away the mist of more than seventy winters. An immense procession drew nigh. Appropriate military music preceded the corpse being conveyed to its last earthly abiding place. The king of the land, the royal family, the nobility, the clergy, the learned, the brave, the gifted, the renowned, walked after it. The banners of mourning were waved, the trumpets wailed, and ten thousand sobs broke alike from stern and gentle breasts, and tears from the eyes of warriors, as well as lovely women, showered like rain. It was the funeral of Bertel Thorwaldsen, with the Danish nation for mourners! And she, the old woman who gazed at it as it slowly wound by—she was Amalie, his first love! Thorwaldsen had never married, neither had she.

"Ah, Himlen!" murmured the old women, wiping away tears from a source which had long been dry, "how marvelous is the will of God! To think that I should live to behold this sight! Poor, poor Bertel! All that I predicted came to pass; but ah me! who knows whether you might not have enjoyed a happier life after all, had you stayed with your old father and mother, and married me. Ah, Himlen, there's only one can tell! Poor Bertel!"

Four years more sped, and one fine Sabbath morning an aged and decrepit female painfully dragged her weary limbs through the crowded rooms of that wondrous building known as Thorwaldsen Museum. She paused not to glance at the wondrous works of the sculptor, but crept to an open doorway leading into the inner quadrangle, in the centre of which a low tomb of gray marble encloses the remains of him whose hand had created the works which fill the edifice. Step by step she drew close to the tomb, and sank on the pavement by its side. Then she laid down her crutch, and pressed her bony hands tightly over her skinny brow. "Ja, ja!" murmured she; "they told me he lay here, and I prayed to God to grant me strength to crawl to the spot—and He has heard me. Ah, Himlen, I can die happy now!"

She withdrew her hands, and peered at the simple, but all comprehensive inscription of "Bertel Thorwaldsen," deeply cut on the side of the tomb. Then she raised her fore-finger, and earnestly traced with it every letter to the end. Smiling feebly, she let fall her hand, and complacently smiled, while an evanescent gleam of subtle emotion lighted up her lineaments. "'Tis true; he moulders here. Poor Bertel, we shall meet again in heaven!"

Her eyes closed, and her head slowly sank on her breast, in which attitude she remained until one of the officers of the museum, who had noticed her singular behaviour, came up. "Gammel kone," (old wife,) said he, "what are you doing?"

She answered not, and he slightly touched her shoulder, thinking she was asleep. Her body gently slid to the ground at the touch, and he then saw that she slept the sleep of death.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

Go Dig.—We once knew a theological student who had visions, and was miraculously directed to "go to Rome." He stated this to a hard-headed old doctor of divinity in this city, who, at once suspecting dyspepsia, exclaimed, "Go to Rome! Nonsense, my son? Go dig!"

THE "SATURDAY REVIEW" AND UNITARIANISM.

An impression has gone abroad, among some of our people, that we may take no further thought or care for the diffusion of Unitarian Christianity, that we may put forth no more efforts to make known our position, it is so perfectly understood. It is well for us to have our errors corrected, so we place before our readers a very few words from an article in the *Saturday Review*, June 29th, on "Religious Life in England." The writer is referring to a book by Alphonse Esquiros, and the reviewer says, "Unitarianism is described, with perfect accuracy, as more a system of philosophy than of religion, though desirous of adhering to Christian forms, and as prevailing exclusively among the wealthy classes. We were not aware that the hymn books used in their chapels were composed of extracts from *Byron*, Coleridge, and Cowper."

We think the reviewer intended a little degrading sarcasm by emphasising *Byron*. We never heard, and probably no one else ever heard, a hymn of Byron's sung in any of our chapels; some of his lines may have found their way into some of our books, yet Byron is here placed first, and we know the reason why. We may say, "the reviewer is still *not aware* of the hymns sung in our chapels." That we have any Christian poets, on the pages of our psalmody, seems to be set down to "our desire of adhering to Christian forms." We sometimes complain that too many pulpits misinterpret or misrepresent our position. Here is the polished, learned, know-everything writer having a fling—either in spite or ignorance—at our devotions. We sing the hymns of Byron and desire to keep up a decent Christian appearance before the world. There is some little inconsistency here.

The two points we wish chiefly to notice are these: "Unitarianism is described with *perfect accuracy* as more a system of philosophy than of religion * * * * and as prevailing *exclusively* among the wealthy classes."

In the first place we deny that Unitarianism is a philosophy. Unitarianism is a faith in One God in one person. Unitarianism is based on simple records of historical facts; and from its first expression to the present time has strictly adhered to the teaching of Jesus Christ. All religious reformers and teachers who have in the present and the past espoused the cause of Unitarian theology—Locke, Newton, Milton, Priestley, Channing, and others—have been most careful to lead the mind back to the *first* Teacher and the apostles of Christianty. Now this is not philosophy. The belief in one God is not philosophy; the belief in Christ as the Messiah of God and the Saviour of the world, is not philosophy; The belief in the immortality of our race, is not philosophy. These are the pillars of our temple of worship; they are based on the declared will of God found in the Bible: our faith, every particle of it, can be uttered in the words of divine inspiration, the language of Christ and his apostles: it is not made up of deductions and inferences and scholastic jargon: it is the pure word of God; by this we stand, God being our helper. Our religion is not without a philosophy, but our philosophy is not our religon. The memory of facts is not philosophy, yet there is a philosophy of the memory. Daily experience, historical facts, and mathematical quantities are not philosophy, although there is a philosophy of both experience and history. Philosophy is understood to be the knowledge of the reasons of things apart from the bare experience or simple record of facts. The record of the cold of winter, or the heat of summer, or the fall of rain is not philosophy, is never thought of as such: the reasons for those things are philosophy. Unitarianism is a belief in one God and the subordination of all other creatures to the Almighty one—this is not philosophy. So when we are told by a writer who is not aware of the hymns we sing "that Unitarianism is a philosophy and not a religion," we subjoin, he is not aware either of what Unitarianism is, and it is not wise of men to write about what they do not understand. If Alphonse Esquiros has misled the reviewer then they are both to blame. We say that "Unitarianism is *not* described with perfect accuracy when spoken of as more a system of philosophy than religion." We all *believe* in God as our Father, Christ as our Teacher, man as our brother, duty and suffering as our discipline, and heaven as our home. Our religion may be summed up in "Love to

God and man." We ask those who carp and cavil with our religion, as not containing the fundamentals of Christianty, the pith and heart and grand peculiarities of godly life—we ask this simple test and ordeal to prove whether or not we have the root of the matter among us; we say strike out of the religious life of our land, and all churches, what *we* hold to be the fundamentals of religion, faith in God and love to him; also virtue, holiness, and affection, and hope of heaven; what have you left among the churches when these are gone? And what are the fundamentals which remain but husk, when these elements of love, hope, and trust, fundamental to a Unitarian, are away. What an empty and worthless thing the Christian Church would be with its "depravity of man, its Trinity and endless damnation," without those great doctrines which form the basis of our Unitarian religion!

We feel we might very properly turn round upon those who state that Unitarianism is a philosophy and not a religion, and say that it is Trinitarianism that is a philosophy, and a very unsatisfactory one too. The doctrine of the Trinity, the deity of Christ, vicarious atonement, total depravity, and endlesss torments: none of these are facts of human experience or the statements of divine teachers. All these are mere inferences, speculations and unfounded theories—philosophy falsely so called.

The only other point we wish to call attention to and correct is, "Unitarianism prevails exclusively among the wealthy classes." We are not sorry that a great number of thoughtful and independent wealthy men are found among our churches. If we were to attempt to philosophise upon the fact it would not be any dishonour to us. It is so. We only in this place wish to state we know many *poor men* in our northern and southern churches. John Pounds of Portsmouth, the originator of ragged schools, was a poor man. Hard labouring men who can give a reason for the hope that is in them, and who bless God for our simple faith, are found everywhere among our people. Some of our churches are composed almost exclusively of working men—intelligent, self-sacrificing men. We often wonder that more people of all classes do not join our churches; yet perhaps we need not wonder; the world is kept in ignorance of our principles, and gross misrepresentations, such as we have noticed, are broadcast in society. We are culpable as well in not doing more than we have done to make more widely and better known what Unitarianism really is. There is one very interesting and truthful statement in the review: "Those forms of religion which number among them the fewest unbelievers are precisely those which demand the fewest sacrifices of reason and liberty of conscience." Now Unitarianism demands no sacrifice of reason or of conscience. That reason and conscience have not been much consulted among the makers of creeds, the trinity and endless torments bear witness; and as soon as the churches return to the oracles of God they will find, as we have found, there is less need to trammel the human mind or to dread any outburst of human feeling against the doctrines of pure religion. The Bible contains the best expression of a rational faith, and the Unitarian is content with the words of Christ: "The Lord our God is one Lord; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength; this is the first commandment. And this, the second is like: Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. There is no other commandment greater than these."

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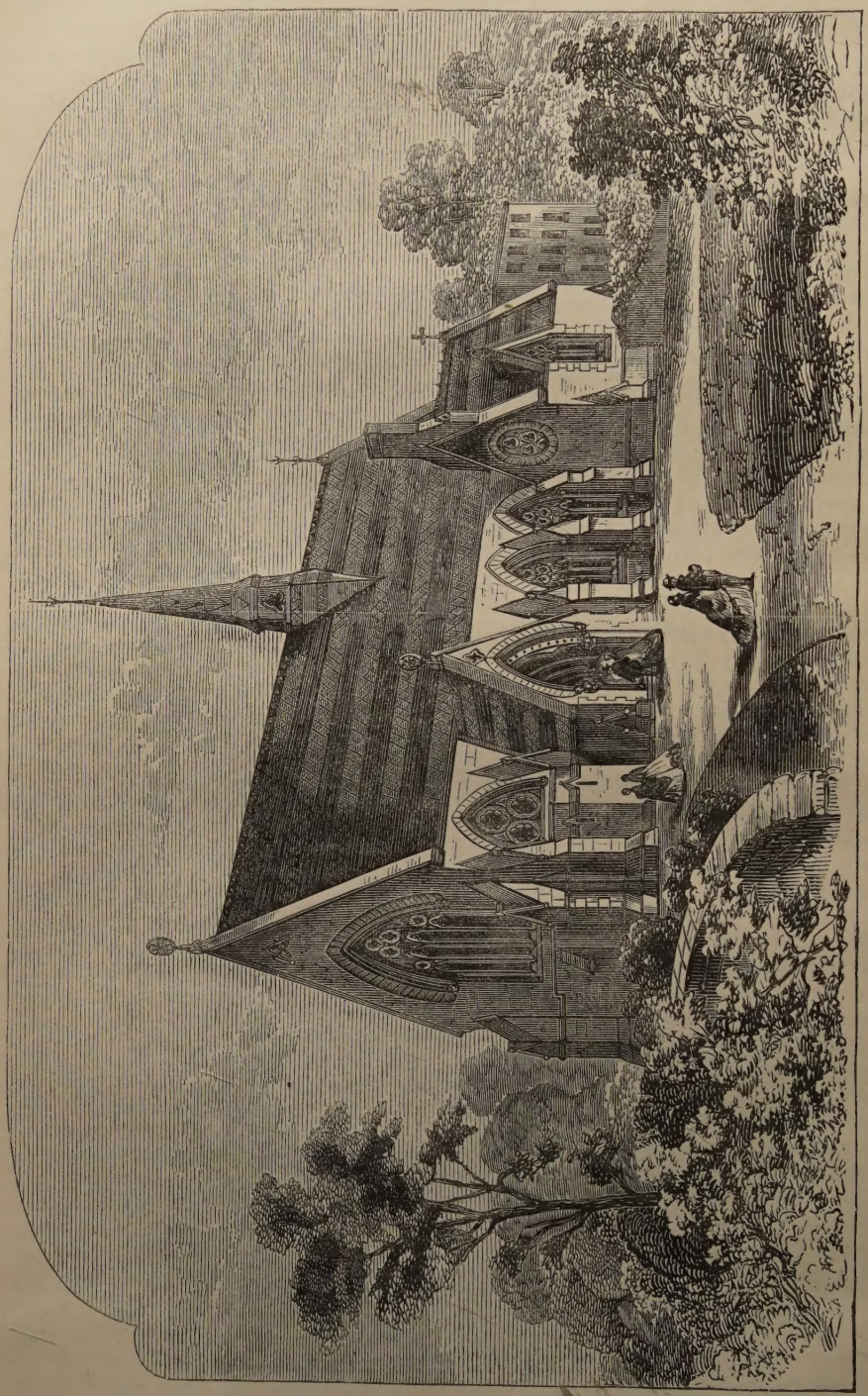
WHOSE LOSS?

A POOR old Scotch woman, of great worth and understanding, was on her death-bed. It was in the days when a willingness to be damned was considered essential to be saved; and her minister, wishing to try her faith, said to her, "Janet, what would ye say if, after all he has done for ye, God should let ye drop into hell?" "E'ens he likes," was her reply; "If he does, he'll lose mair than I'll do."

There is a wonderful depth of meaning in that simple answer. God is bound up in the fortunes and fate of humanity. He has immensely more at stake in every human life than the individual who live it has. Man's self-hood at best is but the hull and hold of a ship, freighted with a whole cargo of precious sympathies and possibilities; and the final wreck and ruin of a human soul would sink all of reason and affection, faith and fancy, the powers of action and possibilities of excellence, its Maker embarked in it when he launched it upon the lifetide—would sink what makes that frail, feeble creature, tossed about on the billows of this sea of Time, a child of God,—aye, would sink the crown and jewels of the King of Heaven. He cannot allow one of his little ones to be left for ever, without impairing his sovereignty, and losing something of his hold upon the conscience and love of all moral beings in all worlds. The perfections of his nature, the infinity of his attributes, the completeness of his government, the absolute supremacy of good over evil in the final consummation of things, all require the keeping and the weal of each individual soul—and the loss of any, even the least, would make an irreparable rent in the moral order of the universe. We think of man as his own. He belongs to humanity, to God, immensely more than he belongs to himself. Just think of the infinite Father making a confession like this: "I created a soul and sent it forth into time, and did all I could to keep its love and hold its allegiance, and lift it to blessedness; but alas, evil was too much for me, the perversity of nature and the vices of the world were more than a match for me. One of my little ones is lost, and I must hear his groans and his agonies forever without the power to save him!" If any soul is lost is it a question who is the real loser?

We are so accustomed to think of man as his own, an absolutely independent individual, that we overlook his relations with, and dependence upon, his fellow-men, and their interest in his preservation and welfare. In fact, each human being belongs to others, far more literally than he or they are apt to imagine. Can the comet lose itself in boundless space, or be dissolved into gases, without deranging the course of the planetary system? Can a star burn itself out, or break in meteoric jets, and flash out into darkness, and no disturbance in the sublime order of the heavens confess that constellations are unbalanced and a family of worlds have lost their light? And shall a human soul go out in evil, or sink in endless death, without sending a thrill of agony through other souls, and robbing some family of a son? Is there no law of spiritual attraction binding all moral beings into sympathetic unison, and making it utterly impossible for one to suffer without others sharing in the suffering, and for one to perish without involving all in ruin?

This question of human destiny is not summed up in the fate of any individual. It must be studied in its universal aspects and relations, would we approximate any true solution of it. Every man carries with him so much of human nature. He carries a father's pride and hope, and a mother's undying love. He carries the interest, friendship, forgiveness, devotion, pity, and uplifting prayers of those who know him. He carries a portion of the common care and experience, the secrets and the sympathy of other hearts, the record of others' good and evil—the influence of his age and their ages on his mind and character. He carries all that family, teachers, friends, a generation, and the generations have invested in him. He is laden down with the property of others under the seal of conscience and the superscription of God; and if he goes down, with him that is neither him nor his, but belongs to nobody knows how many of his fellow-men, who thereby suffer irreparable injury. Go down! No. There is, there can be no "go down" beyond recovery to a being freighted with such an outfit and launched upon such a sea. We cannot afford—humanity cannot afford to lose a single human soul with all its precious contents and belongings, for every soul belongs to mankind far more than to itself.—*Christian Inquirer.*



ROSSLYN HILL CHAPEL, HAMPSTEAD, LONDON.

ROSSLYN HILL CHAPEL, HAMPSTEAD, LONDON.

"FIVE PERSONS PRESENT TO-DAY." This is one of the records on the books of this church, and shows not a very flourishing condition of the congregation a few years ago. Now it is our joyful task to state that, under the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Sadler, this is one of the most prosperous and best attended of our churches in London. How many are the instances of persevering integrity and fidelity to principle being crowned with success. The present large and beautiful chapel was opened on June 5th, 1862, and the congregation is now increasing the number of sittings, by erecting a gallery. So for the last twenty years has this church been enlarging its borders. The history of this church takes us back to times of the memorable two thousand, who for the sake of a good conscience were driven out of the State Church. Mr. Hunter, the antiquarian, has made a note of a Mr. Cotton being the first minister here. The next minister was Thomas Woodcock, brother to Capt. Woodcock, whose daughter Catherine became Milton's second wife—his "late espoused saint," in whose person

> "Love, sweetness, goodness shined
> So clear, as in no face with more delight."

Zechariah Merrell, a man of distinguished ability and piety, one of the first trustees of the Dr. Williams' Library, succeeded Mr. Woodcock. John Partington, Joseph Simmons, Robert Atkinson, Richard Gardner, and Richard Amner, in succession filled the pulpit until the year 1777.

A member of the congregation died about twenty years ago, and could well recollect with what pleasure she listened to the ministry of Mr. Amner, of whom she said that "he was an Arian, and regarded as the most liberal preacher of the day." He was followed by Lionel Brown, Edward Gibson, and Mr. Fuller. The husband of Mrs. Barbauld, the Rev. R. Barbauld, came to Hampstead in 1787 and remained there till 1802. He was succeeded by Mr. Methuen, who died in 1815. The Rev. Jeremiah Joyce, author of the "Scientific Dialogues," preached Mr. Methuen's funeral sermon, and entered into his labours for about twelve months. The next ministers were Samuel Catlow, William Wilson, and students from the General Baptist Academy. In 1829 the Rev. G. Kenrick was chosen and remained minister for sixteen years. Dr. Sadler entered upon his office here in 1846. The present chapel is the fourth building during the space of 200 years; and we may add that the old chapel since 1862 has been used as a school room, and for every appliance for the moral and mental improvement of the poor of Hampstead. In concluding this imperfect sketch we would once more revert to the successful struggle of the few faithful ones who saved this church from extinction. They were principally women, and one of those "*honourable women*" would often in the wanderings of her last illness dream that she was multiplying her gifts in order that the services of the chapel might be kept up. We can now scarcely doubt but the success and the echoes of the praise and prayer of this great congregation add to her happiness in the church above.

THE BEAUTY OF OLD PEOPLE.—Men and women make their own beauty or their own ugliness. Lord Lytton speaks of a man who "was uglier than he had any business to be;" and if he could but read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is good-looking or the reverse as that life has been good or evil. On our features the fine chisel of thought and emotion is eternally at work. Beauty is not the monopoly of blooming young men, and of white-and-pink maidens. There is a slow-growing beauty which only comes to perfection in old age. Grace belongs to no period of life, and goodness improves the longer it exists. I have seen sweeter smiles on a lip of seventy than upon a lip of seventeen. There is the beauty of youth, and there is also the beauty of holiness—a beauty much more seldom met, and more frequently found in the arm-chair by the fire, with the grandchildren round its knees, than in the ball-room or promenade. Husband and wife, who have fought the world side by side, who have made common stock of joy and sorrow, and grown aged together, are not unfrequently found curiously alike in personal appearance, and in pitch and tone of voice—just as twin pebbles on the beach, exposed to the same tidal influences, are each other's second self.

FACTS FOR UNITARIANS.

BY AN UNITARIAN LADY.

From the "Unitarian Almanac" we learn that there are at the present time in Great Britain and Ireland 355 Unitarian chapels and preaching-rooms, of which 284 are in England, 40 in Ireland, 26 in Wales, and 6 only in Scotland: total, 355. Of these places of worship 18 are in or close to London, 7 in Manchester including its suburb, Rochdale, 6 in Liverpool, 6 in Birmingham, 4 in Bristol, 4 in Belfast, 3 in Leicester, 3 in Leeds, 2 in Dublin, 2 in Sheffield, 2 in Nottingham, 2 in Macclesfield, and some other towns. However, it will be seen that while London has 18 places of Unitarian worship against the 6 in Liverpool, Lancashire has 52, or twice as many as in Middlesex, Kent, and Surrey.

To compare these numbers with those on the other side of the Atlantic, the returns given for America are 275 Unitarian congregations, or nearly as many as the number in England, without Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. The town of Boston (Massachusetts), so long the head-quarters of Unitarianism in America, contains 19 congregations, one more in number than our own much larger London. Counting Universalists and others who hold a Unitarian theology, Boston has 30 Unitarian churches, while its suburb, or small connected town Cambridge—the seat of Harvard College—has 6 Unitarian congregations, making as many as 36 congregations all immediately close together. Three American towns have 4 congregations each, New York has 3, about seven other towns have each 2, and the rest of the American Unitarian congregations are each in separate towns. Of these above mentioned 275 congregations, 205 have settled ministers and 70 are without. We learn from an eminent authority in America there are about 3000 churches in all who hold something much akin to a Unitarian theology. In our colonies we have 5 Unitarian congregations, 3 of them in Australia and 2 in Canada.

To fill the 355 pulpits in our British islands we have at the present time 267 officiating ministers; four years ago the number recorded was 261, being an average increase of three additional congregations settled with ministers every two years. When the number of ministers now engaged in duty is compared with the number of pulpits in the whole country it leaves 116 places of worship to be kept open by supplies from the neighbourhood or by lay-preachers; and to this work some six associations in various parts of England contribute. The East Lancashire Unitarian Mission, by means of 8 lay-preachers and some help from the students of the Manchester Home Missionary Board, supplies 5 places of worship. The East Cheshire Missionary Association, with its one missionary, 13 lay-preachers, and with help also from the students of the Manchester Home Missionary Board, supplies 8 places of worship, most of them with evening services alone. The Manchester District Unitarian Association, by means of one missionary, four lay-preachers, and with help from the Home Missionary Board students supplies 6 places, nearly all of them with both morning and evening services. The Midland Christian Union, with 10 lay-preachers attached to it, supplies three places with one service a week each. The Northumberland and Durham Unitarian Association, by the help of one of their ministers and 15 lay-preachers, takes care of 5 places. The West Riding Unitarian Mission Society, with 4 missionaries and 15 lay-preachers, supplies 4 places of worship; among them these associations keep up 31 places of worship. Besides these the Carmarthen students in Wales preach in 5 places in Wales. Some of the senior students of Manchester New College, London, preach occasionally in vacant pulpits. London, Manchester, and Birmingham support two missionaries each, and Bristol, Belfast, Leeds, Liverpool, Leicester, and Halifax one missionary each for work at home. The London Unitarian Lay-preachers Union has 29 lay-preachers at work in preaching stations and vacant pulpits in or near London; while many towns over the country, such as Tenterden, Trowbridge, Battle, Hastings, Bedford, Yarmouth, Deal, and others, carry on the work of lay-preaching either in their own towns or immediately around them.

Of our 355 congregations above 200 meet for two services in the week. The towns of London, Manchester, Birmingham, Kidderminster, and Dukinfield have each one congregation that has three ser-

vices in the week, while for Saffron Walden four and for Trowbridge five services are registered. Several congregations have an additional service either occasionally or during a part of the year, while a few situated in small places and supplied from a distance have service only once a fortnight or even once a month. The remaining 100 of our chapels have a single service once a week. In Ireland this single service seems to be held at noon, while in small country places in England it is nearly always in the afternoon or evening. Among the whole number only ten week night services are recorded, but here I believe our tables are deficient, and it were much to be wished that we could obtain further particulars concerning the various works of activity carried on by our congregations.

Of the 267 ministers who fill our pulpits it is of interest to learn that 52 were educated at the college known as Manchester New College, now placed in London, lately in Manchester, and earlier still in York. The Unitarian Home Missionary Board in Manchester has sent out 42, the Queen's College in Belfast has supplied 37; this college includes in its staff a couple of Unitarian or non-subscribing ministers for the purpose of educating students of their own denomination. The Presbyterian College at Carmarthen, in Wales, where Independent and Unitarian students are educated side by side, has given us 20 ministers. The University of Glasgow, which is open without test or creed, and Trinity College, Dublin, have each of them helped in the education of many, and have been the sole instructors, Glasgow of 14, and Dublin of 5 of our ministers. The Baptist Academy, the Independent College at Homerton, and various other colleges, both Church and Dissenting, have together furnished us with 32 ministers, and lastly, the education of 65 remains unaccounted for.

These numbers are very nearly the same as they have been for some years past, except in the number given for the Unitarian Home Missionary Board, which institution has been established about twelve years, and year by year sends forth about five students well trained to take their part in active ministerial labours. Four years ago only 25 of our ministers had come from the Home Missionary Board, in the present year 42 are already placed out in pulpits. Should the present rate of active production of ministers continue, and these ministers be as eagerly sought after as they are at present, the number of them established among us will of course be more than doubled before it reaches its maximum.

The American Unitarians have two theological schools, the divinity school of Harvard University in the town of Cambridge, Massachusetts, where Dr. Channing was brought up, and the Meadville Theological School at Meadville, in Pennsylvania, established three and twenty years ago. It would be well if we could learn which of the Unitarian ministers have received a college education either in these establishments or in orthodox colleges.

There are recorded each year for the last four years about five new chapels built, or fresh preaching rooms opened in England, which must lead us to believe in some increase in the numbers of our congregations. And it were much to be desired that we had the power of comparing our present number of 355 congregations with the recorded number for some years back, but the present improved accuracy of our tables has not been attempted long enough. The older tables contain many names of places of worship that have been in reality long closed, together with names inserted one year whose disappearance from the record of the next year is quite unaccounted for, making all comparison of the later with the earlier tables unsatisfactory.

One thing, however, the tables of our congregations given for a few years back will necessarily suggest, namely, that with a great increase of activity in many directions there has been a falling off somewhere in the Midland Counties. After the year 1865 there disappears from our tables the name of the North Staffordshire Unitarian Mission, that with its one missionary and its 9 lay-preachers kept open 5 places of worship. About the same time the North Midland Unitarian Mission Society that in 1864 kept open 6 places of worship, seems to have become associated with another society, but its new work does not make its appearance in the pages of the "Unitarian Almanack." In place of the Birmingham District Unitarian Association, with its one object plainly expressed, namely, to extend Unitarian worship, a society, that by means of its

one missionary and its 12 lay-preachers kept open 4 places of worship, we have instead the Midland Christian Union with a lessened staff of workers and one station fewer. The Northumberland Unitarian Missionary Society, which four years ago was set down as having 22 lay-preachers and 13 preaching stations, seems now to have only 15 lay-preachers and 5 or 6 preaching stations. It is to be hoped that next year's returns of our Missionary Association will show these figures to be in fault; at present either this or some other explanation is needed of the falling off in the number of congregations in some parts of England in the later Unitarian returns.

[Would our friends in the various churches of Great Britain and Ireland be so good as send me the number of lay preachers in each congregation or district to the Editor of THE CHRISTIAN FREEMAN, 27, Grosvenor Park, London.]

WHAT LITTLE ALICE WANTED.

ONCE on a time a rich man went to visit his nephews and nieces. He carried a great many beautiful things with him as presents, so that you may be sure the little folks were glad enough to see him. They clambered upon his knees, clustered round his legs, and almost killed him with kindness.

"Give me this!" cried one of the girls, seizing a lovely doll.

"I want this splendid ball," shouted one of the boys.

"I'll have this battledore," cried Nellie. the eldest sister.

"No you shan't," replied Bella, "I want that.

But sweet little blue-eyed Alice stood back gazing at the beautiful gifts with smiling lips, but saying nothing. Presently her uncle, having shaken off the crowd which had hid Alice from his view, said to her, "And what does my little Alice want?"

"Only what uncle pleases to give me," replied she.

Sweet child! Do you wonder that her uncle drew her to his side, strained her to his bosom, kissed her, and then gave her the prettiest thing he had?

THE POOR MUSICIAN.

ONE beautiful summer day there was a great festival in the large park at Vienna. This park was called by the people the Prater. It is full of lovely trees, splendid walks, and little rustic pleasure houses. At the time of which I am speaking, there were people there, some young and some old, and many strangers, too. And all those who were there enjoyed such a scene as they had never beheld before.

Be that as it may the Prater was almost covered with the crowds of people. Among the number were the organ grinders, beggars, and girls who played on harps. There stood an old musician. He had once been a soldier, but his pension was not sufficient to live on. Still he didn't like to beg. Therefore, on this particular festival day he took his old violin and played under an old tree in the park. He had a good faithful old dog along with him, which lay at his feet and held an old hat in his mouth, so that passers by might cast coins in it for the old man.

On the day of the festival which I have now mentioned the dog sat before him with the old hat. Many people went by and heard the old musician playing, but they did not throw much in. I wonder the people did not give more, for he was truly a pitiable object.

His face was covered with scars received in his country's battles, and he wore a long gray coat, such as he had kept ever since he had been in the army. He even had his old sword by his side, and would not consent to walk the streets without his trusty friend with him. He had only three fingers on his right hand, so that he had to hold the bow of his violin with these. A bullet had taken off the two others, and almost at the same time a cannon ball had taken off his leg. The last money he had had been spent in buying new strings to his violin, and he was now playing with all his strength the old marches he had so often heard when a boy with his father.

He looked sad enough as he saw the multitudes pass by in their strength, youth, and beauty, but whenever they laughed it was like a dagger to his soul, for he knew that on that very evening he would go to bed supperless, hungry as he was, and lie on a straw couch in a little garret room. His old dog was better off, for he

often found a bone here and there to satisfy his hunger.

It was late in the afternoon—his hopes were like the sun, they were both going down together. He placed his old violin down by his side and leaned against a tree. The tears streamed down his scarred cheeks. He thought that none of that giddy throng saw him, but he was much mistaken. Not far off stood a gentleman in fine clothes, who had a kind heart. He listened to the old musician, and when he saw that no one gave him anything his heart was touched with sympathy. He finally went to the dog, and looking at the hat saw only two copper coins in it.

He then said to the old musician, "My good friend, why don't you play longer?"

"Oh," replied the old man, "my dear sir, I cannot; my poor old arm is so tired that I cannot hold the bow; besides I have had no dinner, and have little prospect of supper."

The old man wiped his feeble hands. The kind gentleman with whom he had talked resolved to aid him as best he could. He gave him a piece of gold and said—

"I'll pay you, if you will loan me your violin for one hour."

"Oh," said the musician, "this piece of money is worth more than half a dozen old fiddles like mine."

"Never mind," said the gentleman, "I only want to hire it one hour."

"Very well, you can do what you will," said the old man.

The gentleman took the fiddle and bow in his hands and then said to the old man—

"Now, my mate, you take the money, and I will play. I am quite sure people will give us something."

Now was not that a singular musical association? They had just become acquainted, and immediately entered into an arrangement to work together for the public. The strange gentleman began to play. His mate looked at him with great wonder; he was so stirred that he could hardly believe it was his own violin that such beautiful sounds came from. Every note was like a pearl. The first piece had not been finished before the people, observing the strange sight, and hearing such wonderful music, stopped a moment in curiosity. Every one saw that the fine looking gentleman was playing for the poor man, but none knew who he was.

By and by the people began to drop money into the hat, and the old dog seemed delighted to receive so many pieces of gold for his master. The circle of hearers became larger and larger. Even the coachmen of the splendid carriages begged the people inside to stop and hear the music. Gold, silver and copper, were thrown into the hat, by the old and the young. The old dog began to growl. What in the world could be the matter? One gentleman, as he dropped a large piece of money into the hat, had struck him on the nose, and he came very near letting the hat and money fall. But it soon became so heavy he could not hold it any longer.

"Empty your hat, old man," said the people, "and we will fill it again for you."

He pulled out an old handkerchief, and wrapping the money in it, put it into his violin bag.

The stranger kept on playing, and the people cried out, "Bravo! bravo!" in great joy. He played first one tune and then another—even children seemed carried away with rapture. At last he played that splendid song, "God bless the Emperor Francis!" All hats and caps flew off their heads, for the people loved their Emperor. The song finally came to an end. The hour was ended, and the musician handed back the violin to the old man.

"Thank you," said he. "May God bless you!" and he disappeared in the crowd.

"Who is he? Who is he?" said the people. "Where does he come from?"

A person sitting in one of the coaches replied that he knew him. "It is Alexander Boucher," said he, "the great violinist. It is just like him; he saw the old man needed help, and he determined to help him the best way he could."

The people then gave three cheers for Alexander Boucher, and put money in the old man's hat. Went he went home that evening he was richer than he had ever been before. When he went to his bed he folded his hands and prayed that God might bless good Boucher, so that when he should get to be an old man he might have good and kind friends.

Now, I believe that there were two happy men that night in Vienna. Of course the poor old musician rejoiced now that he was out of want; but of more value to him than all his money was the consolation that somebody had proved a friend to him. For it does us all good to know that we have friends, though they are of no further advantage to us. There was another who was happy, and that was the good Alexander Boucher. How could he go to bed that night without thanking God for putting it into his heart to be kind to the old friendless starving soldier?

DOCTRINAL TEXTS.

IMPROVED TRANSLATION.

Gen. i. 2: "The *spirit* of God moved upon the face of the waters." "The wind or breath of God."—*Rosenmuller.*

Deut. vi. 4: "Jehovah our God is one Jehovah." "Jehovah our God, Jehovah is one."—*Ainsworth.*

Exod. iii. 14: "And God said unto Moses, *I am that I am.*" "I will be what I will be."—*Dr. J. P. Smith.*

Isa. xl. 7: "The spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it." "The wind of Jehovah." —*Benson.*

Zech. xii. 10: "They shall look upon me whom they have pierced." "Whom they have treated with insult."—*Kuinoel.*

John v. 27: "He hath given Him authority to execute judgment also, because He is the Son of Man." "A son of man."—*Dr. Campbell.*

John v. 27: "Him hath God the Father sealed." "The Father, God, sealed."—*Dr. J. P. Smith.*

John viii. 25: "Who art thou? And Jesus saith unto them, even the same that I said unto you from the beginning." "At first."—*Boothroyd.*

John viii. 58: "Before Abraham was I am." "Before Abraham was I was."—*Grotius, Bishop Pearce, Dr. J. P. Smith.*

John ix. 38: "And he said, Lord, I believe, and he worshipped him." "He said, master, I believe, and did obeisance to him."—*Boothroyd.*

John x. 33: "Thou being a man makest thyself God." "Makest thyself a god."—*Dr. Whitby* and *Bishop Stillingfleet.*

John xv. 26: "The spirit of truth, who proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me." "It shall testify of me."—*Kuinoel.*

John xvii. 36: "Father *I will* that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am." "I desire that they."—*Calvin.*

Acts vii. 59: "And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." "The word God in the text is not genuine."—*Dr. A. Clarke.*

Acts viii. 33: "In his humiliation his judgment was taken away and who shall declare His generation." "In his humility the judgment against him was taken away." —*Sharpe.*

Acts ix. 5: "And he said, who art thou, Lord?" "Who art thou, sir?"—*Dr. A. Clarke.*

Acts xxviii. 28: "Feed the Church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood." "The Church of the Lord." —*Griesbach.*

Acts xxii. 16: "Arise and be baptised and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord." "Calling upon His name."—*Sharpe, Griesbach,* and others.

Rom. ix. 5: "Whose are the father's, and of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is over all; God blessed for ever. Amen." "God be blessed for ever."—*Sharpe, Professor Justi,* and others.

Rom. xv. 12: "There shall be a root of Jesse." "A shoot, sprout, or descendant of Jesse."—*Dr. Robinson, Dr. Heylin,* and others.

1 Cor. i. 2: "With all that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, both theirs and ours." "Are called by the name of Jesus Christ."—*Dr. Hammond* and *Bishop Fell.*

1 Cor. x. 4: "Neither let us tempt Christ as some of them also tempted." There are various ancient copies which have the word *God* and some *Lord* instead of Christ. *Griesbach* places *Lord* in the marginal readings.

1 Cor. xv. 47: "The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from heaven." *Griesbach* and others say "the Lord" may be taken out of the text.

Phillippians ii. 6: "Who being in the form of God thought it not robbery to be equal with God." "In a divine form."—*Luther.* "Did not covet to appear as God."—*Whitby, Sherlock,* and others.

THE POOR ENGLISHWOMAN.

BY MAY MANNERING.

"SCATTER blessings in thy pathway,
Gentle words and cheerful smiles,
Better are than gold and silver,
With their grief-dispelling wiles.
As the pleasant sunshine falleth,
Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladden well the darkened hearth."

"Hearts there are oppressed and weary;
Drop the tear of sympathy,
Whisper words of hope and comfort,
Give, and thy reward shall be.
Joy unto thy soul returning
From this perfect fountain head;
Freely, as thou freely givest,
Shall the grateful light be shed."

An American lady travelling in Holland visited with much interest many of its celebrated charitable institutions. It was her custom when she saw a large number of inmates assembled together, to ask aloud if any of them could speak English.

Once in Rotterdam, in visiting an asylum for aged women, when she asked this question in her own language, a poor old woman, very much bowed with infirmities, hobbled across the large room and curtseyed before the lady.

"I can speak your language, madam," said she. "I am an Englishwoman, but for eighteen long years I have been in this asylum, and never once before have I heard the sound of my own language. I thank God that I hear it once more!"

The dim eyes filled with tears as the lady talked kindly to the poor old woman in the language so dear to her heart. They went together into a pleasant little reception room, and there the sad history was told.

Sarah Diedrick was the woman's name. She was born in England of Dutch parents, and lived there for fifty years. She was a servant to an English lady, and travelled with her for two years. Passing through Rotterdam Sarah had a severe fall which injured her back and obliged her to be sent to this asylum, where she had remained ever since, eighteen years.

The lady listened with much sympathy to Sarah's sad story, and when she went away it was with a promise from the matron that Sarah should come to her hotel and see her again.

On the next Sunday, Sarah, dressed as well as the institution's charity-clothes would permit, made her way through Hoog Strat, and was received at Hotel de Univers. Her friend received her kindly, had a nice warm dinner brought to her, and made her little visit very pleasant. The necessities of the inmates being all supplied by the institution, money and other presents, except good books and papers, are forbidden them, so that kind charity could not be bestowed.

Sarah did not want that, it was only "kind words" and the "tear of sympathy" that the "oppressed and weary heart" longed for, and these were freely given to her by that lady who travelled all over Europe, not only for pleasure and profit, but that she might "do good as she had opportunity," "bind up the broken-hearted," and minister to those who were "hungry, naked, sick, or in prison."

The day passed very quickly to Sarah as her friend talked with her and read from books and papers.

"My dear lady," the poor woman said as she went away, "I know the Lord sent you to me. I shall never forget the kind, cheering words you have said to me. My heart is filled with gratitude. Now I can take up my cross with a lighter heart, and bear it until my Master bids me lay it down. We must meet each other in heaven, my lady."

The asylum wards no longer looked dark to Sarah. Those simple words of cheer had brightened the place into perpetual sunshine, and made the last days of the aged woman pass pleasantly in anticipation of the life to come.

NO BABY IN THE HOUSE.

No baby in the house, I know,
'Tis far-too nice and clean;
No tops by careless fingers strewn
Upon the floor are seen;
No finger marks are on the panes,
No scratches on the chairs;
No wooden men set up in rows,
Or marshalled off in pairs;
No little stockings to be darned,
All ragged at the toes;
No pile of mending to be done,
Made up of baby-clothes;
No little troubles to be soothed;
No little hands to fold;
No grimy fingers to be washed,
No stories to be told;
No tender kisses to be given.
No nicknames "Love" and "Mouse,"
Mo merry frolics after tea,
No baby in the house.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

—o—

A CALL TO THE MINISTRY.—The *Independent* publishes a sermon by Beecher on "fishers of men," in which he says: "To want to preach and to be able to do it successfully fits a man to be a preacher; and if ten thousand apostles in rows, as long as from here to the celestial gate, should refuse to give a man permission to preach, yet if he has the desire and ability he is called, and he is ordained to be a preacher."

RITUALISTIC.—An old gentlemen (thought to be a member of the Legislature from the "rural districts") went into Trinity Church last Sunday afternoon while the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was repeating the service to the deaf mutes by signs, &c. After attentively watching the proceedings for a few moments, he rises from his seat, takes his hat and cane, and starts for the door, and as he passes out shakes his head reproachfully at the sexton, and mutters, "I can't stand them ritual tantrums no how."—*Boston Transcript.*

DEVIL'S MARKS IN SWINE.—"We don't kill a pig every day," but we did a short time since; and after its hairs were scraped off, our attention was directed to six small rings, about the size of a pea, and in colour as if burnt or branded, on the inside of each fore leg, and disposed curvilinearly. Our labourer informed us with great gravity, and evidently believed it, that these marks were caused by the pressure of the devil's fingers, when he entered the herd of swine, which immediately ran violently into the sea. (See Mark v., 11—15; Luke viii., 21 — 33.)—*Notes and Queries.*

LEGEND OF THE ROBIN REDBREAST.—The following beautiful legend of the robin red breast, which I have just met with, was quite new to me. If you think it likely to be so to T. Y., or any other of your readers, you will perhaps find a place for it. Like that sweet superstition current in Brittany, which would explain the cause why the robin redbreast has always been a favourite and *protégé* of man. While our Saviour was bearing His cross, one of these birds, they say, took one thorn from His crown which dyed its breast; and ever since that time robin redbreasts have been the friends of man."—*Notes and Queries.*

AN INTERESTING FACT.—Some people think that when the present hard and Calvinistic views of the churches are gone the people will totally abandon religious services. In New England the progress of rational and liberal views has exploded this fallacy. The churches are not dying out in New England, as the following facts clearly indicate. There were, in 1775, one church member to every sixteen of population; in 1792, one to every eighteen; in 1825, one to every fourteen; in 1855, one to every six-and-three-quarters; in 1860, one to every five-and-a-half. We may say the above representing membership does not represent attendance, for visitors to New England say the mass of the people attend church in that country, whereas in Old England the mass of the people stop away.

"HAVE YOU GOT RELIGION?"—A writer in the *Presbyterian Witness* speaks of this question as an expression "containing a whole batch of big falsehoods, which, in the uninitiated mind makes sad mistakes and blunders." The following from the same article sounds very "unevangelical," but is the truth: "This question, have you got religion? is a modern heresy—it was not asked by prophet or psalmist, Christ or apostle; it could not have been with the grand conceptions that they had of life and immortality. You cannot find the question in Cruden. It is nowhere asked within the lids of the great emporium of sacred truth."

NO DISSENTER NEED APPLY.—In the *Times* of the 4th of June appeared the following advertisement.—"Kent.—To to let, furnished, for a few months, or a term of years, a large country residence. Four reception rooms, eight bed-rooms; stable, coach-house, lawn, and garden. Also a cottage for man servant, if required. Near the church, half mile from a railway station, five from the sea. An agreeable neighbourhood. Delightful walks and drives. Near a cathedral city. Good boating. Will be let only to a Church of England family. For four months of summer, eight guineas a week; for six months, seven guineas; £200 a year. Address," &c.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS' LOVE FOR HIS MOTHER.—The Mother of John Quincy Adams said, in a letter to him, written when he was only twelve years old: "I would rather see you laid in your grave than grow up a profane and graceless boy." Not long before the death of Mr. Adams a gentlemen said to him: "I have found out who made you." "What do you mean?" asked Mr. Adams. The gentleman replied: "I have been reading the published letters of your mother." "If," this gentleman relates, "I had spoken that dear name to some little boy who had been for weeks away from his mother, his eyes could not have flashed more brightly, nor his face glowed more quickly, than did the eyes and face of that venerable old man when I pronounced the name of his mother. He stood up in his peculiar manner and said: "'Yes, sir, all that is good in me I owe to my mother.'"

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